



anc

CHARLES STARRETT *as*

DURANGO KID

NO.30

The DURANGO KID

10c



GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY
SUPPLY
ONLY \$1.**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's

delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious, easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want SKINNY on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 250

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

the DURANGO KID

THEY WERE OUT TO RUN HIM INTO THE GROUND—TO PAY BACK FOR HIS PESKY MEDDLING BY TRAMPLING HIM TO DEATH WITH THE SHARP HOOVES OF THEIR WHIP-MADDENED MOUNTS! IN THE BRIEF MOMENT LEFT HIM, **THE DURANGO KID** WONDERED BITTERLY IF HE HAD BEEN RIGHT TO TRY TO COME BETWEEN "THE FEUDING FALLONS!"



FRED GUARDINEER

"I'M COMIN' TO GIT YUH, MIKE FALLON—YUH LOW-DOWN SPAVINED COYOTE!"

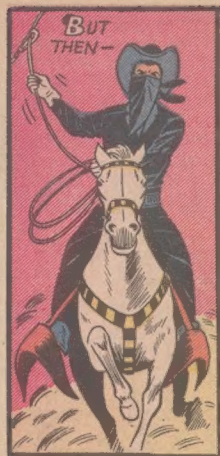
"WHEN I'M DONE WITH YUH, TOM FALLON, THAR WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT FER A BUZZARD TO PECK AT!"



SO FOR AT LEAST THE THOUSANDTH TIME—SNORTING AND GRUNTING, THE FALLON COUSINS LOCK HORNS! ONLY **THIS TIME** THEIR BATTLEGROUND IS AT A CLIFF'S EDGE!

"HEY! W—WE'RE FALLIN'!"





WAL, I'LL BE—! YUH SAVED US AGAIN, DURANGO!

PULL US UP AN' CUT US LOOSE! I AIM TO FINISH THIS HERE FIGHT!

I'M NOT CUTTING ANYBODY LOOSE TILL I'VE SAID MY PIECE...

IT'S HIGH TIME YOU OLD-TIMERS QUIT FEUDING! SOONER OR LATER THE DAY'LL COME WHEN I WON'T BE AROUND AND ONE OF YOU WILL GET REALLY HURT! NOW I KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS ALMOST SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...



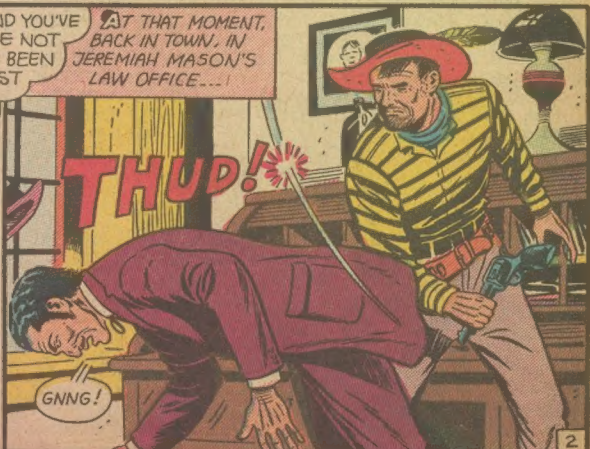
"...THAT YOU WERE PROSPECTING PARTNERS WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG—AND THE BIG BLOW-UP CAME AFTER YOU'D FOUND A BIG VEIN OF GOLD ON THE WAY TO STAKE THE CLAIM, YOU TOOK TIME OUT TO FIGHT ONE OF YOUR WEEKLY BATTLES..."

"THE MAP OF THE MINE HAD DROPPED TO THE GROUND! AND YOU WERE STILL FIGHTING WHEN A SNEAKY SIDEWINDER PICKED IT UP AND RAN OFF TO STAKE THE CLAIM FOR HIMSELF!"



SO YOU MISSED OUT ON BEING RICH, AND YOU'VE BEEN FEUDING EVER SINCE! YOU'RE NOT KILLERS, OR ONE OF YOU WOULD'VE BEEN DEAD LONG AGO—BY NOW IT'S JUST HABIT THAT KEEPS YOU FIGHTING... WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU SHAKE HANDS AND MAKE UP?

AT THAT MOMENT, BACK IN TOWN, IN JEREMIAH MASON'S LAW OFFICE...



WHEN MASON COMES TO—

THIS IS JUST A TASTE OF WHUT YUH'RE GONETA GIT, MASON—IF YUH DON'T PAY UP THET GAMBLIN' DEBT!



I SWEAR BLACKSTONE—I'LL PAY EVERY CENT! I'LL—OWWW!

I'M SICK AN' TIRED OF BEIN' PAID WITH PROMISES! YUH'RE NOT GITTIN' OFF THET CHAIR TILL YUH TELL ME EXACKLY HOW YUH AIM TO LAY YORE HANDS ON SOME MONEY!

HEY, LOOK—THAR COMES DURANGO INTO TOWN WITH THOSE LOCO FALLON COUSINS!



YOU TURNED DOWN THE CHANCE I GAVE YOU TO SHAKE HANDS—SO I'M TURNING YU OVER TO THE SHERIFF. A NIGHT IN THE LOCK-UP MIGHT COOL YU BOTH OFF A BIT...

I'VE HEARD TELL THOSE ORNERY OLE GALOOT'S HATE EACHOTHER SO MUCH, THET EACH OF EM'S SWORN NOT TO TOUCH A DROP OF HARD LIKKER TILL THE OTHER'S DEAD!



OF COURSE...THE FALLONS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? I'LL USE THEM TO GET THE MONEY TO PAY YOU BACK!

WHUT DO YUH MEAN?



I REPRESENT AN INSURANCE COMPANY! I'LL TAKE POLICIES, OUT ON BOTH THE FALLONS! THEY'LL KILL EACHOTHER SOONER OR LATER—AND I'LL COLLECT!

COULD BE...BUT THUH FALLONS'VE BEEN PLAYIN' AT FEUDIN' FER YEARS NOW—AN' NOBODY'S DEAD YET! HMMM—TELL YUH WHUT I'LL DO...I'LL GIT **THUH BOOKSELLER** TO COME TO THUH TERRITORY. HE'LL MAKE SURE THEY DIE REAL FAST!

HE'S ONLY THUH KILLINGEST GUN HAND IN THUH WHOLE WEST! JIST STARTIN' OUT—SO NOT MANY'S HEARD OF HIM YET...HE'S A RUNTY GALOOT—WEARS GLASSES, RIDES A BUCKBOARD, AN'

BOOKSELLER? WHO'S HE...?

MAKES OUT HE'S A BOOKSELLER. WHEN HE COMES TO YUH WITH A BOOK IN HIS HAND, GUNPLAYS THUH LAST THING YUH'D THINK OF—BUT THEN HE SHOOTS TO KILL FROM BEHIND THUH BOOK!



SO...TWO WEEKS LATER, AT TOM FALLON'S CABIN—



CARE TO BUY SOME BOOKS, MISTER?

YUH'RE WASTIN' YORE TIME, SON! NEVER HAD ANY USE FER LEARNIN'— AN' I'M PROUD TO SAY I CAN'T READ A WORD!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MISTER! I'M—



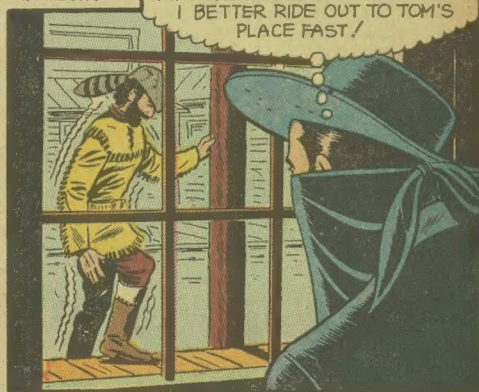
...NOT WASTING MY TIME!

AAARGH!!

BLAM!

MEANWHILE, IN TOWN—

THAT'S MIKE FALLON...DRUNK! THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! I BETTER RIDE OUT TO TOM'S PLACE FAST!



ON HIS WAY TO TOM FALLON'S CABIN, DURANGO HAS TO SWERVE FAST TO AVOID A HEAD-ON COLLISION WITH A BUCKBOARD COMING THE OTHER WAY...

LATER...

DEAD! BUT THE BODY'S STILL WARM... SO MIKE COULDN'T HAVE KILLED HIM! THIS HAPPENED WHILE I WAS RIDING OUT HERE! HMMM—THOSE ARE FRESH BUCKBOARD TRACKS. MUST'VE BEEN MADE BY THAT RIG I PASSED ON THE WAY HERE...

NOT THAT THE BOOK-SELLER COUL'D'VE KILLED TOM. I'VE NEVER SEEN A MORE HARMLESS LOOKING RUNT IN ALL MY LIFE. BUT MAYBE HE SAW SOMETHING WHILE HE WAS HERE. WON'T HURT TO RIDE AFTER HIM AND ASK...

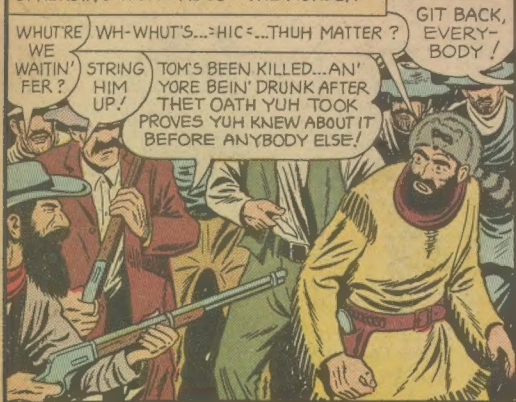


HEY!!

SORRY, STRANGER—I'M IN A HURRY!



BACK IN TOWN, BLACKSTONE'S MEN HAVE ALREADY BEGUN SPREADING WORD ABOUT THE MURDER—



ON A NEARBY SLOPE—

WONDER WHAT'S TAKING THE BOOKSELLER SO LONG? THIS IS WHERE WE ARRANGED TO MEET FOR HIS PAYOFF. HOPE NOTHING'S GONE...HEY! THERE HE IS NOW— AND THAT'S THE DURANGO KID RIDING AFTER HIM!



ME AND TOM FALLON WERE THE ONLY ONES THERE...



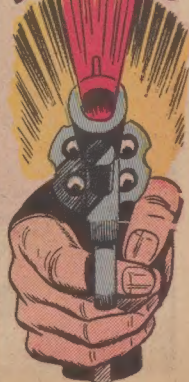
HE BOUGHT ONE OF MY BOOKS...



IT WAS ONE OF THESE! CARE TO SEE ONE FOR YOURSELF, MISTER?



BLAMM!



KNEW HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING WHEN HE TOLD ME TOM HAD BOUGHT A BOOK! OLD TOM ALWAYS PRIDED HIMSELF ON NEVER HAVING LEARNED TO READ...



BUT THE BOOKSELLER IS SQUEEZING TRIGGER EVEN AS HE CRUMPLES DOWN...



ONE WILD SHOT NAILS MASON!

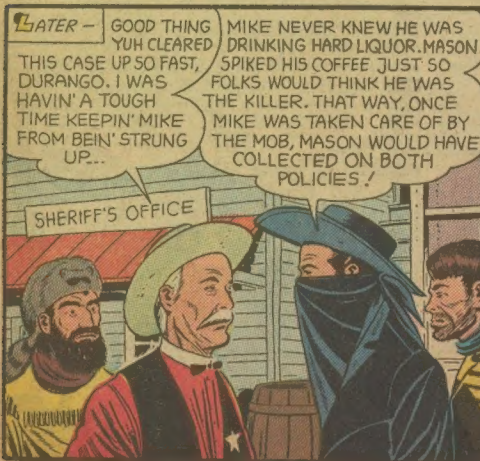


AS A RAIDER TROTS OFF TO SEE WHAT CRASHED DOWN IN THE BUSHES...



IN THE VALLEY BELOW... MASON'S DEAD! THAT MEANS I





the DURANGO KID

IT IS A SLACK HOUR IN JONE'S BARBER SHOP AND FOUR MEN HAVE GATHERED THERE FOR A FEW HANDS OF POKER. THE STAKES ARE HIGH, THE PLAYERS ARE GRIM AND—

"DEATH IS THE DEALER!"



FRED GUARDINER

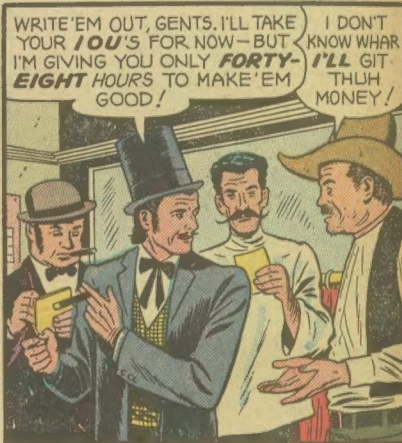


HERE IT IS GENTS—A ROYAL FLUSH!

BLAZES! THAT BREAKS ME!

I'M RUINED! WHY DIDN'T I STOP THAT LAST HAND?

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OUR I-O-U'S, STEVENS.



WRITE 'EM OUT, GENTS. I'LL TAKE YOUR I-O-U'S FOR NOW—BUT I'M GIVING YOU ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO MAKE 'EM GOOD!

I DON'T KNOW WHAR I'LL GIT THUH MONEY!



WE'RE FOOLS! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO PLAY POKER WITH THAT HOMBRE. HE'S A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER! I'LL BE RUINED!

ME, TOO!

ME, TOO! WHUT WE GOIN' TUH DO?

THE GAMBLER LOSES NO TIME GETTING TO HIS HOTEL ROOM...



THESE SMALL-TOWN SIDE-WINDERS SURE ARE SUCKERS, ALL RIGHT! EASIEST HAUL I EVER MADE! I'D BETTER KEEP THESE I-O-U'S SAFE UNDER THIS MATTRESS...



YEP IT SURE
WAS A GOOD DAY'S
WORK / NOW FOR
A LITTLE WALK
BEFORE SUPPER...
HEH-HEH-
HEH /



IT SURE IS A FINE EVENIN'—
GOOD TO BE ALIVE! GOOD TO
BE RICH, TOO—HEH-HEH-HEH!
I SURE FEEL GOOD
TONIGHT!



THET DOES IT!!
GOTTA GO THROUGH HIS
POCKETS QUICK!



TARNATION—SOMEBODY'S
COMIN'! I GOTTA GIT OUTA
HYAR! AN' I DIDN'T FIND
THEM *IOU'S*! BLAZES!

TAP-TAP-
TAP-TAP



EEEEEEK!
MURDER!

MURDER!

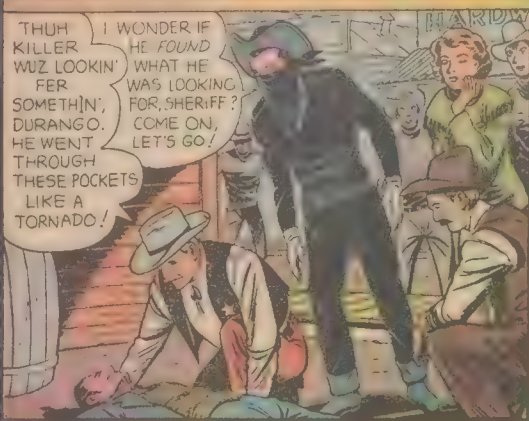
SOMEBODY STUCK A KNIFE
INTUH THET GAMBLER
HOMBRE!

CALL
THUH
SHERIFF!

GIT
DURANGO!



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE DURANGO IS ON THE JOB...



GO? WHAR TO?

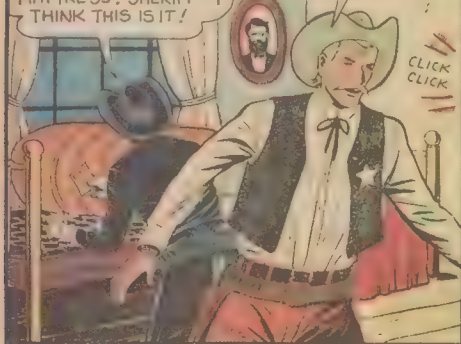
TO STEVENS' HOTEL ROOM. MIGHT GET A FEW CLUES THERE ON WHAT THE KILLER WAS LOOKING FOR-- AND **WHY** HE KILLED HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHHHHH! SOMEBODY'S FOOLIN' 'ROUND WITH THUH LOCK!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND-- **IOU'S** UNDER THE MATTRESS / SHERIFF-- I THINK THIS IS IT!



ALL RIGHT, MISTER!

JONES! ONE OF THEM IOU'S IS YOURS, JONES! I'M PLUMB DIS-GUSTED WITH YUH-- KILLIN' A MAN FER A GAMBLIN' DEBT!



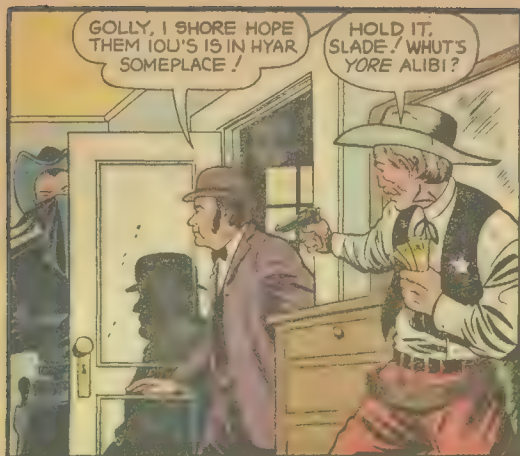
I DIDN'T DO IT, SHERIFF-- I SWEAR I DIDN'T! I CAME HYAR AS SOON AS I FOUND OUT ABOUT THUH KILLIN'. I KNEW THET IF THEY FOUND MUH IOU HYAR, THEY'D SUSPECT **ME** O' THUH MURDER. I WUZ JEST TRYIN' THUH PERFECT MUHSELF! I'M INNOCENT!



THET'S SOME STORY, JONES-- EF YUH KIN MAKE IT STICK!

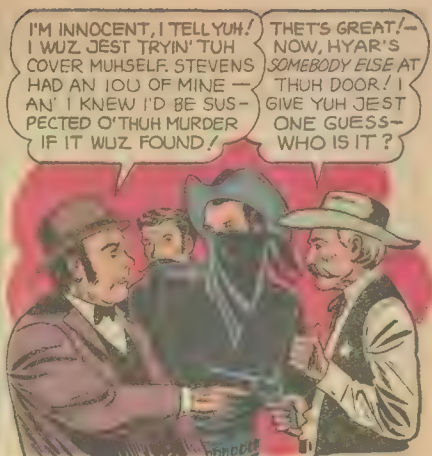
HOLD IT! THERE S SOMEBODY ELSE AT THE DOOR!





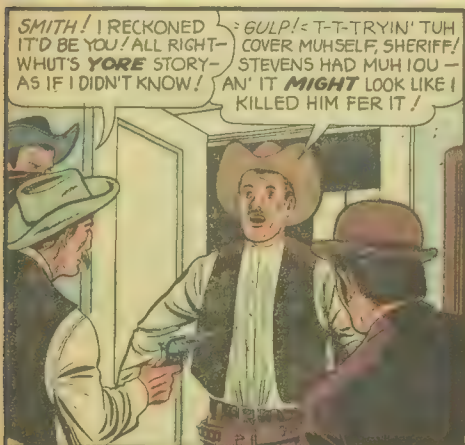
GOLLY, I SHORE HOPE THEM IOU'S IS IN HYAR SOMEPLACE!

HOLD IT, SLADE! WHUT'S YORE ALIBI?



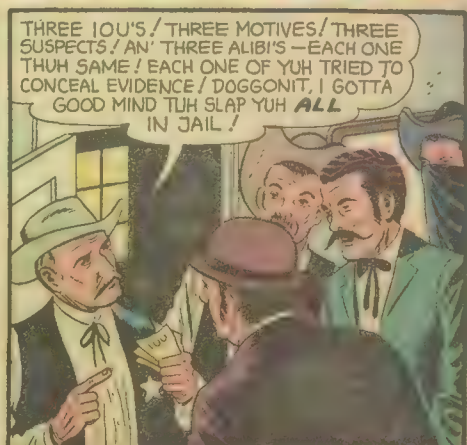
I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YUH! I WUZ JEST TRYIN' TUH COVER MUHSELF. STEVENS HAD AN IOU OF MINE — AN' I KNEW I'D BE SUSPECTED O'THUH MURDER IF IT WUZ FOUND!

THET'S GREAT! — NOW, HYAR'S SOMEBODY ELSE AT THUH DOOR! I GIVE YUH JEST ONE GUESS — WHO IS IT?



SMITH! I RECKONED IT'D BE YOU! ALL RIGHT — WHUT'S **YORE** STORY — AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!

GULP! = T-T-TRYIN' TUH COVER MUHSELF, SHERIFF! STEVENS HAD MUH IOU — AN' IT **MIGHT** LOOK LIKE I KILLED HIM FER IT!



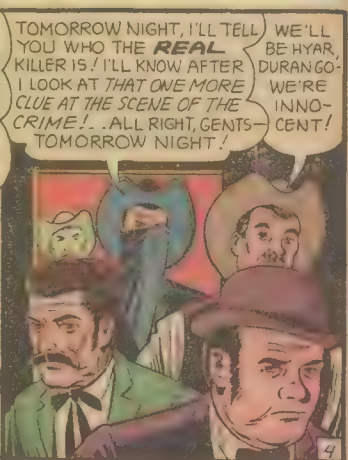
THREE IOU'S! THREE MOTIVES! THREE SUSPECTS! AN' THREE ALIBI'S — EACH ONE THUH SAME! EACH ONE OF YUH TRIED TO CONCEAL EVIDENCE! DOGGONIT, I GOTTA GOOD MIND TUH SLAP YUH **ALL** IN JAIL!



LET 'EM GO, SHERIFF — THEY'RE INNOCENT!

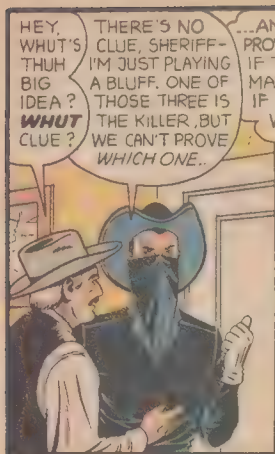
WHU-U-T?

LET 'EM GO, SHERIFF. BUT I WANT YOU ALL TO MEET ME HERE AT THE SAME TIME TOMORROW NIGHT. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN REALLY CLEARING YOURSELVES, YOU'LL BE HERE. IF ANYONE IS NOT HERE TOMORROW NIGHT, WE'LL KNOW HE DID IT — AND WE'LL FIND HIM!



TOMORROW NIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHO THE **REAL** KILLER IS! I'LL KNOW AFTER I LOOK AT **THAT ONE MORE CLUE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!** ...ALL RIGHT, GENTS — TOMORROW NIGHT!

WE'LL BE HYAR, DURANGO! WE'RE INNOCENT!



HEY, WHUT'S THUH BIG IDEA? WHUT CLUE?

THERE'S NO CLUE, SHERIFF—I'M JUST PLAYING A BLUFF. ONE OF THOSE THREE IS THE KILLER, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE WHICH ONE.

...AND WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE IT WITH ALL OF THEM *IN JAIL*. IF THEY'RE FREE, THE REAL KILLER MAY BE FORCED TO SHOW HIS HAND—IF MY PLAN WORKS RIGHT. JUST WAIT TILL TOMORROW NIGHT.



NEXT NIGHT—AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

I'LL PRETEND TO LOOK FOR MY PHONY "CLUE"—BUT I'D BETTER KEEP MY EARS WIDE OPEN... *OH-OH*, I HEAR SOMETHING BACK THERE IN THE SHADOWS!



...AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER **DUCK!**

BANG!



...AND **DIVE!** TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM FINDING THE KILLER, EH?

BLAZES!



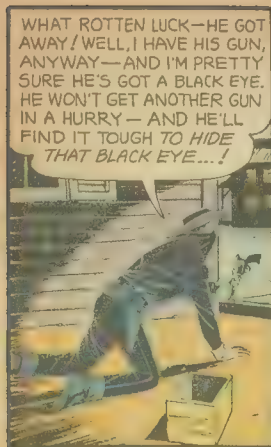
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, MISTER! BUT HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IN EXCHANGE.

GNNG!

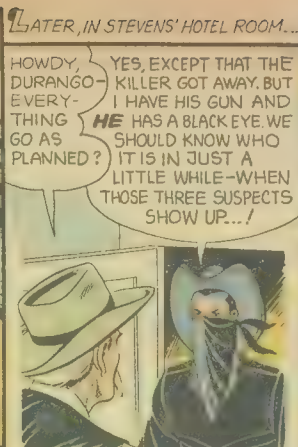
BUT IT IS DARK IN THE SHADOWS, DURANGO DOES NOT SEE THE BOX...



TRIPPED!



WHAT ROTTEN LUCK—HE GOT AWAY! WELL, I HAVE HIS GUN, ANYWAY—AND I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S GOT A BLACK EYE. HE WON'T GET ANOTHER GUN IN A HURRY—AND HE'LL FIND IT TOUGH TO HIDE THAT BLACK EYE...!



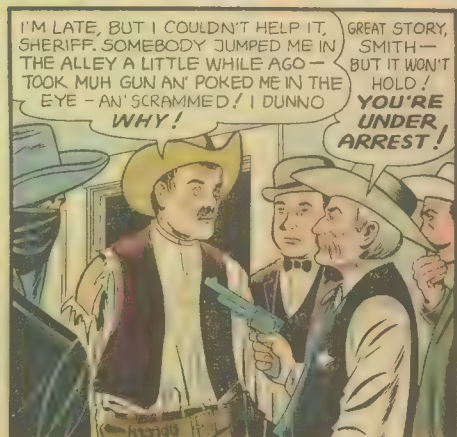
LATER, IN STEVENS' HOTEL ROOM...
HOWDY, DURANGO—
YES, EXCEPT THAT THE KILLER GOT AWAY. BUT I HAVE HIS GUN AND EVERY-
THING GO AS PLANNED? **HE** HAS A BLACK EYE. WE SHOULD KNOW WHO IT IS IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE—WHEN THOSE THREE SUSPECTS SHOW UP...!



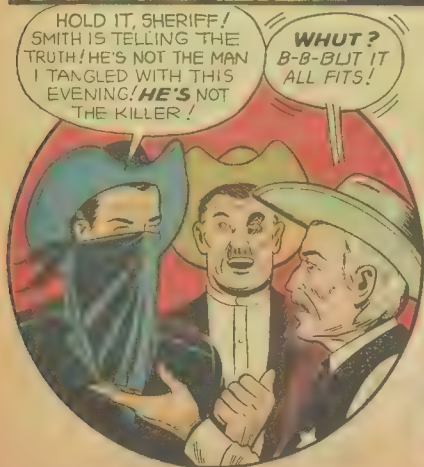
WAL, HYAR'S JONES AN' SLADE, ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAR'S SMITH?
LET'S GIVE HIM A FEW MINUTES.



HYAR HE COMES!
AND WITH A **BLACK EYE!** HE'S BEEN IN A FIGHT! HMMMM...!



I'M LATE, BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT, SHERIFF. SOMEBODY JUMPED ME IN THE ALLEY A LITTLE WHILE AGO—TOOK MUH GUN AN' POKED ME IN THE EYE—AN' SCRAMMED! I DUNNO WHY!
GREAT STORY, SMITH—BUT IT WON'T HOLD! **YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!**



HOLD IT, SHERIFF! SMITH IS TELLING THE TRUTH! HE'S NOT THE MAN I TANGLED WITH THIS EVENING! **HE'S** NOT THE KILLER!
WHUT? B-B-BUT IT ALL FITS!



SEE THAT SCRATCH UNDER HIS EYE? THAT COULD ONLY BE CAUSED BY A SHARP **RING!** AND I DON'T WEAR ANY RINGS!

BUT **JONES DOES!** AND MY HUNCH IS THAT A CLOSER INSPECTION WOULD SHOW SOME OF SMITH'S BLOOD ON THAT RING!



TRY THIS STORY ON FOR SIZE, SHERIFF — JONES IS THE KILLER! HE TRIED TO STOP ME FROM FINDING A CLUE — AND THEN, WHEN I TOOK HIS GUN AND BLACKED HIS EYE, HE JUMPED ON SMITH TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SMITH WAS THE ONE I TANGLED WITH...
RIGHT, JONES?



RIGHT!! KILLED STEVENS — BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME FOR IT! **OUT OF MY WAY!**



DON'T PULL A GUN UNLESS YOU KNOW HOW TO USE IT, JONES. YOU DO BETTER WITH A **KNIFE!**



YIIIIII!

AND HERE'S ONE TO STOP YOU — AND GIVE YOU ANOTHER BLACK EYE TO MATCH THE ONE I GAVE YOU EARLIER TONIGHT!



WHUT OTHER BLACK EYE?

WHO ELSE BUT A **BARBER** WOULD KNOW HOW TO COVER UP A BLACK EYE? TAKE THAT MAKE UP OFF AND — **PRESTO!**

WAL, I'LL BE **DURNED!** SMART, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH FOR DURANGO!



CASE IS CLOSED!



THE END

1000

LIVE BABY TURTLES

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THIS OFFER

Here's one of the most exciting toys you've ever owned. Just think — a baby turtle all your own. What's more, a real growing garden to keep him in, a garden you plant and grow all by yourself. You can teach him to recognize you when you feed him. Watch him swim — see how he pulls his head and feet into his shell when he's frightened. You can have turtle races — you can make a little house for him to live in — and all the time you can watch how the lovely, soft grass grows — see and smell the beautiful flowers. You'll amaze your friends with how much you know about animals and plants.



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LITTLE PETS. DELIVERED HEALTHY AND
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Grows Real Grass
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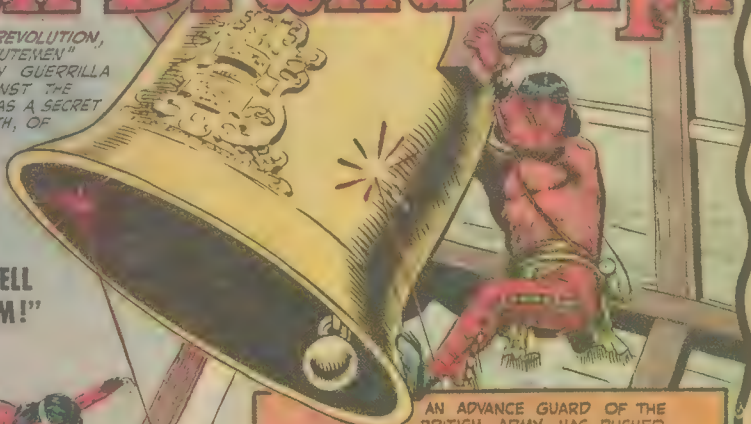
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Dan Brand and Tipi

DURING THE REVOLUTION, AMERICAN "MINUTEMEN" WAGED DEADLY GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE BRITISH. IT WAS A SECRET WAR OF STEALTH, OF DANGER!

DAN BRAND AND TIPI JOIN FORCES WITH THE UNDERGROUND ARMY TO

"RING THE BELL FOR FREEDOM!"



AN ADVANCE GUARD OF THE BRITISH ARMY HAS PUSHED SECRETLY THROUGH THE FOREST TO REACH A LITTLE TOWN IN THE HILLS...

THERE'S THE TOWN, MAJOR! IT'S HEADQUARTERS FOR THE LOCAL MINUTEMEN! THEY LIVE IN THE HILLS AND COME INTO TOWN AT DEAD OF NIGHT FOR SUPPLIES!

THESE DEUCED LITTLE TOWNS HAVE BEEN HOLDING UP OUR PROGRESS. THEY MUST BE WIPED OUT— WITH THE MINUTEMEN!



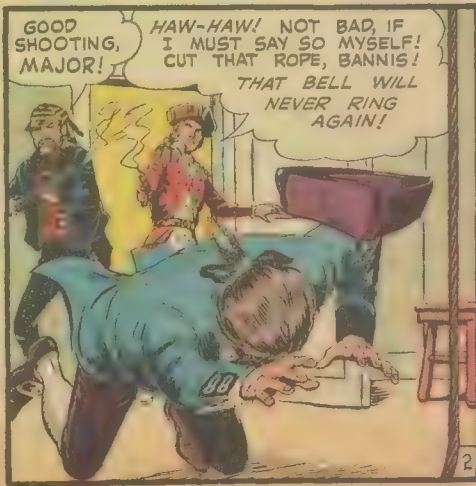
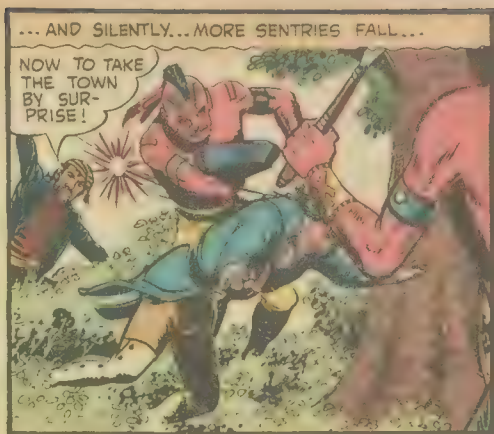
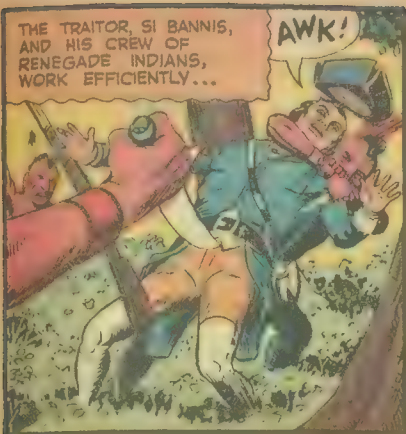
BUT THE BIG PROBLEM IS HOW TO GET INTO THAT TOWN WITHOUT ALERTING THE GUARDS. OUR FIRST JOB IS TO SILENCE THE BELL! AT THE LEAST SIGN OF DANGER, THEY RING THAT BELL AND ALERT THE MINUTEMEN!



THAT IS WHY WE BROUGHT YOU AND YOUR INDIANS ALONG ON THIS EXPEDITION, SI BANNIS! YOU KNOW WHERE THE OUTPOSTS ARE— GO TO WORK!

RIGHT!





GET EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
IN THIS TOWN INTO THE BARN AND
POST A GUARD OVER THEM!
ON THE DOUBLE! MARCH!



GOOD! WE'VE OCCUPIED EVERY HOUSE
OVERLOOKING THE STREET. TONIGHT,
WHEN THOSE
MINUTEMEN COME
IN FOR THEIR
SUPPLIES—WE'LL BE
READY FOR THEM!
WE'LL SHOOT THEM
DOWN LIKE FLIES—
HAW! HAW!



THAT NIGHT, DAN BRAND AND TIPI,
BRINGING MESSAGES FOR THE MINUTEMEN,
COME INTO TOWN...

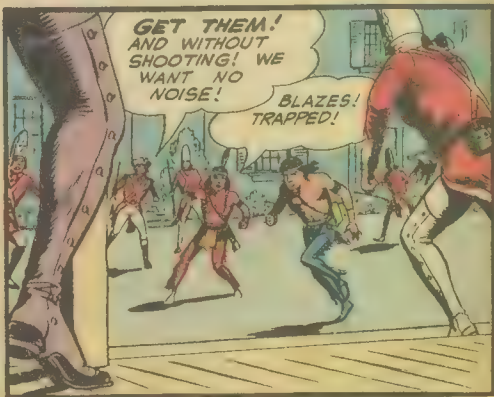
IN JUST ABOUT AN
HOUR THE MINUTEMEN
SHOULD BE COMING IN
FOR SUPPLIES. WE
MEET THEM
HERE!

SAY, DOESN'T IT
SEEM FUNNY TO
YOU THAT THE
STREETS ARE
COMPLETELY
EMPTY?
I WONDER...?



GET THEM!
AND WITHOUT
SHOOTING! WE
WANT NO
NOISE!

BLAZES!
TRAPPED!



DAN AND TIPI PUT UP A FIGHT,
BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE
JUST TOO MANY FOR THEM...

GOOD! NOW
HURRY, MEN—
STRING THEM
UP!

BLIMEY! REAL
INDIAN
MOCCASINS!
I'LL KEEP
THE BLOOMIN'
THINGS FOR
SOUVENIRS!



QUICKLY, MEN! BACK TO
THE WINDOWS! SILENCE!
KEEP YOUR EYES GLUED
ON THE STREET AND
WHEN THE MINUTEMEN
COME...
FIRE!



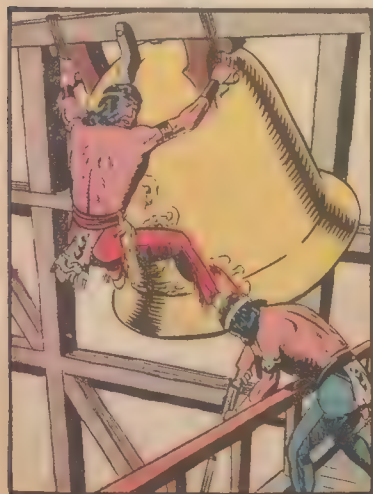
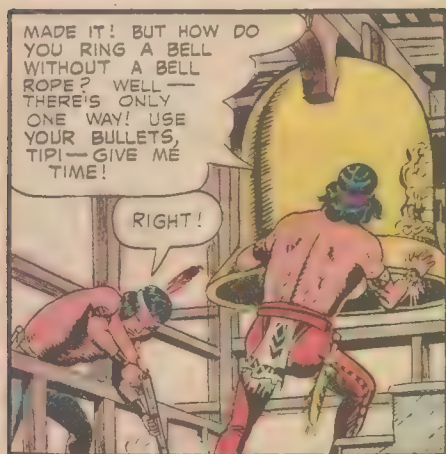
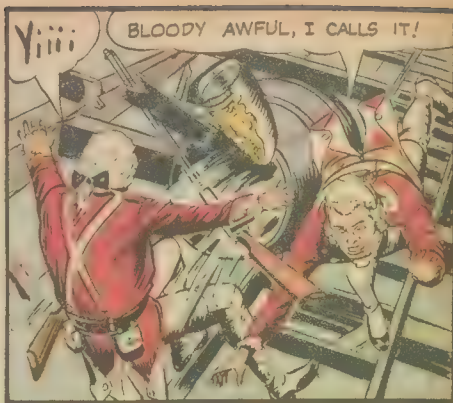
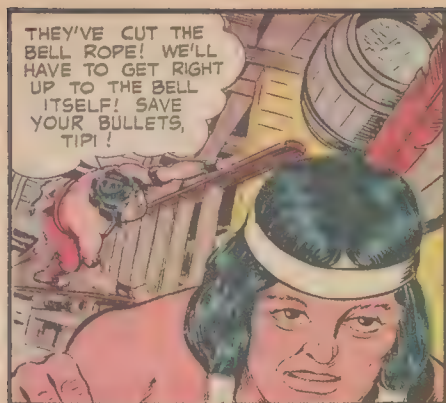
TIPI—PSSST! THEY MISSED
THE KNIFE I HAVE HIDDEN
BEHIND MY WAIST-CLOTH.

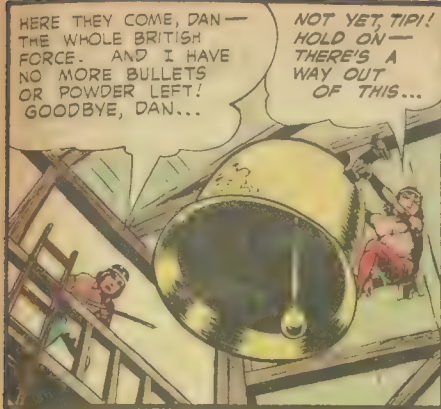
YOUR TOES ARE
BARE! SEE
WHAT YOU
CAN DO!

I'LL
TRY...!









HERE THEY COME, DAN —
THE WHOLE BRITISH
FORCE. AND I HAVE
NO MORE BULLETS
OR POWDER LEFT!
GOODBYE, DAN...

NOT YET, TIPI!
HOLD ON —
THERE'S A
WAY OUT
OF THIS...



... AND
THIS IS
IT...!



Yiiiiii!



AND NOW — WE FOLLOW
THE BELL DOWN! I
GUESS WE CAN HANDLE
WHOEVER IS LEFT —
IF **ANYBODY**
IS LEFT AT
ALL!

I SEE THE
BRITISH MAJOR...
HE DUCKED THE
BELL!



BUT HE
WON'T
DUCK
US!

I THINK I'D
RATHER BE
HIT BY THE
BELL!
GNNNG!



DAN AND TIPI!
WELL, IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU
GOT THINGS
PRETTY WELL
IN ORDER,
DAN!

RIGHT! I
WISH I'D
BEEN
ABLE TO
GET MY
HANDS ON
SI BANNIS,
THOUGH.



YOU DID WELL ENOUGH,
DAN. THIS TAKES CARE
OF THE BRITISH ADVANCE
GUARD. WHEN THEIR
MAIN FORCE COMES
ALONG — WE'LL BE
READY FOR 'EM! WE'LL
HANG UP THAT BELL,
TOO — AND
SOME DAY
IT'LL
RING FOR
FREEDOM!

THE LONG WAIT

HE CAME trudging down the slope of the Sierras, aware of the cutting wind blowing down out of the dwarf pinons and conifers above him. Slung across his left shoulder was a heavy sack reinforced with strips of buffalo hide, bulging with big chunks of rich, crude gold. Despite the fantastic weight of that sack, and the coldness of the winds, Dan Crawford walked with light feet. He had struck it rich, back there under a rock overhang and alongside a stream of flowing mountain water. He had found gold — an emperor's ransom in gold!

It's the break, at last! he thought exultantly, the warmth of his blood beating through him. Now Ellen can have the doctors she needs, all the best of medical care!

He had come west with Ellen two years ago, when the doctors in Boston had told him, with wry shakes of their heads, that he had to get her into fresh clean dry air, or see her die. Dan had sold his little store and come west, had built a cabin on the slopes of the Sierras between Nevada and California, and for lack of anything better to do, had taken up searching the mountain rocks and streams for pay-dirt.

"It was the luckiest thing I ever did," he told a bluejay that chattered from a lofty limb high above. "The very luckiest!"

He did not see the three men pause on the rimrock, half a mile above him. He did not see one of them lift a rifle and aim it; hesitate, then lower the rifle, shaking his head.

* * *

Ellen was waiting for him, slim and lovely as he remembered, waving a bit of cloth above her head, shouting in the crisp air. Then she was running swiftly down the shale of the pathway, into his arms.

He hugged her, carefully, dropping the sack.

"How are you, kitten? Better? Any more coughing?"

She looked up at him, and her eyes shone brightly. "Not even the tiniest, Dan! I've never felt so good! Old Doctor Murphy won't have to come up to see me any more. He said so himself!"

"No!"

In the excitement of her good news, Dan forgot the sack bulging at his feet. Then he remembered and swung it up. He laughed, "Take a look inside, Ellen!"

Her eyes rounded with awe. She whispered, "Gold? Is it really — gold?"

"It sure is, ma'am," rasped a voice from the heavy timber behind them. "Good yaller gold. Worth a fortune!"

Dan swung around, one hand groping inside his heavy, sheepskin-lined coat for his big Colt .45. Three men were stepping from the scrub and firs, one of them with a rifle uplifted in his hands. The muzzle of the Winchester was steady on Dan's belly. He felt his stomach shrink sickly as his hand fell away from the butt of his gun.

Ellen was close beside him, hand to her mouth. "Dan, Dan — who are they? What do they want?"

The men were closer, now. One of them was clean-shaven, tall, and heavy in the shoulders. The others were thick-set, bearded men, with narrow, cruel eyes. The clean-shaven man took off his hat when he saw Ellen.

"Reckon you have no need to be alarmed, ma'am — if your husband has any sense at all, that is!"

Dan opened his mouth, then suddenly closed it. He said thickly, with the anger burning in him slowly, knowing what the men wanted, and despising them for their sly smiles, and the amusement that shone out of their eyes at his helplessness before them, "I got sense. What do you want?"

The clean-shaven man kicked the bulging sack with a boot-toe.

"This! The gold. That's what we want. And — a map showing where you found it."

Dan laughed coldly. "Take the gold. You're welcome to it. But the map, now — you'll never get that!"

One of the heavy, bearded men stepped forward with a growl, lifting out the big bone-handled hunting knife at his belt. "Let me work on him a little while, Hal," he said "I know some Injun tricks . . ."

The man named Hal thrust the other back. The smile never left his face as he looked down at Ellen, studying her flushed cheeks, the thin body.

"No need to disturb the lady, Bert. Leastwise — not out here in the open! Let's all go inside, up yonder into the cabin!"

Dan led the way, with an arm around Ellen's shoulder. He let Hal shoulder the sack of crude gold nuggets and carry it. Once Ellen turned her face to look up at him, and whisper, "Dan, they think —" but his hand was tight on her shoulder, squeezing her to silence.

A fire roared in the stone hearth where copper cooking utensils were strung on a wire. The meaty odor of simmering stew hung fragrant and appetizing in the cabin. Hal drew the smell of the stuff into his lungs

please turn page

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in
Natural
Colors

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and dropped the heavy sack. He went and stood over the pot, staring down into it, and smiling.

"Reckon there's no need for roughness until after we've eaten," he told everyone. "Light down, Crawford. Set yourself in a chair so Bert can watch you. Ma'am, I'd admire fine to have a platter of that stew in front of me. Not every man has such a pretty cook to be his wife."

Lips tightly compressed, Ellen went about gathering crockery and spoons. The bearded men watched her, and licked their lips. Men who lived by their guns and their wits rarely sat at a home-cooked meal.

Dan watched them carefully, wondering how and when his chance would come; and if it did, whether he could overcome the three of them. *They look like trouble had walked a long time with them, and they know how to handle it*, he found himself thinking. He did not despair until Hal came and tied his arms and legs tightly to a chair.

Then he sat and watched them eat, and knew himself beaten.

Midway in the meal, between the first and second helpings of the stew, the knock sounded on the door. Hal was out of his chair, Colt in hand, before Dan could turn toward the door.

"Answer it!" Hal whispered savagely. "Act ordinary. Give us away and your wife gets the first bullet!"

His knife freed Dan. Dan stood up, rubbing his wrists as they ached with the blood flowing back into them. He nodded, and went to the door.

Sam Jeffers stood in the doorway, grinning amiably. "Jest thought I'd stop by on my way to town, Dan! Mebbe you might like me to bring you some fixin's or bacon or some such?"

Dan smiled, but shook his head. "We have everything, Sam. Ohh, by the way. You might drop by and see Old Doc Murphy. Tell him my wife has been doing poorly lately. Ask him to stop up here next time he's around."

"Why, I — I'll be plumb glad to, Dan. You rest easy, now. I'll see he gets here right quick. Wouldn't want nothing to happen to Mrs. Dan, now would we?"

Dan closed the door, hearing Hal say, "That was handled just fine, Crawford. Natural-like! Mebbe we won't have to use no rough stuff, after all — if you're reasonable."

They tied him up again, but not as tightly as before, and he watched the trio wolf down the remainder of the stew. Then Hal thrust back his chair and jerked a thumb at the sack of gold just inside the door. "Plenty of that yaller stuff back where you found this?"

"Plenty," admitted Dan.

Hal laughed. "Just testin' you, hombre. We cut yore sign two weeks ago. We saw you nosin' around, then lost sight of you for a while. When we cut yore trail again — you had the gold." He drew a deep breath and leaned forward. "You found that gold while we lost sight of you. It could be anywhere back there in the hills. Be better for everybody if you'd scratch its location on this bit of paper."

He pushed a soiled sheet of paper across the bare tabletop. Dan said, "Reckon I'll have to think about it. . ."

Bert growled, "Let me at him, Hal! I know ways to make a wooden Injun talk. . .!"

Hal gestured the bearded man to silence. He leaned back and smiled, and his smile sent a cold shudder down Dan's back. Hal said, "You want time. Good! We've nothing to do. You have until darkness to make up your mind."

They sat there, silent, all of them. The bearded men took out their knives and toyed with them, looking steadily all the while at Dan. Once Ellen whimpered, and covered her face with her hands. The gathering dusk came swiftly down the mountainside, slipped under the door and through the windows. Outside, a coyote howled twice.

Hal got up and lighted a lamp. He looked at Dan who shrugged and said, "Cut me loose. I'll draw your map."

He took a long time doing it. Outside the coyote howled again, and then again. Dan shoved the paper across the table. Hal picked it up and studied it, frowning. His lips moved once or twice, as if checking his own knowledge against what the map showed. Satisfied, he folded it carefully and put it in his coat.

"Let's go, boys," he told the others.

They picked up their packs and followed him to the door. When Hal swung it open, a man with a star on his coat stood there, a heavy Colt in his hand, aimed at Hal's belly. Behind him there were other men, all with guns in their hands.

Dan stood up as the men came in. He nodded to them. He said, "Outlaws are always strangers in any community. These bad hats thought Ellen was my wife — but it happens she's my sister. Everybody 'round here knew that. It tipped Sam off that something was wrong."

"I spied on 'em from back yonder, Dan," announced Sam. "When I saw you tied up, I run like a scared jackrabbit fer the sheriff an' some boys! That was me howlin' like a coyote to tip you off we were here."

Dan held out his hand toward Hal, "The map," he said. When he had it safely in his fingers he went toward the fire and dropped it in. "I'll file claim in the morning. I won't need this — not any more!"

THE END

THE DURANGO KID



IN
"MULEY PUTS ON
HIS ACT"

ALONG A LONELY ROAD LEADING TO RED ROCK, A LONE TRAVELER BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE AGAINST A PAIR OF DESPERATE BADHATS...

BANG!
BANG!

CLICK-
CLICK!

BANG!
BANG!

FRED GUARDINEER

...AND
LOSES!

AHHH...
SO NEAR...YET
SO FAR...
AHH...!

THE
WINNERS
ARE JEB
BARRETT
AND
TENNESSEE
MIKE —
AND THE
WINNERS
TAKE THE
SPOILS...

DIDN'T RECKON
ON THIS HOMBRE
PUTTIN' UP SECH
A FIGHT,
TENNESSEE.

YEAH—AIN'T IT A SHAME?
WAL, LET'S SEE WHUT KIND O'
DOUGH HE'S PACKIN'! MAKE IT
FAST, SO WE KIN BURY 'IM
AN' GIT OUT...

HE AIN'T MUCH ON THUH GREENBACKS,
TENNESSEE —HEY, WAIT! —HYAR'S
A TELLY-GRAM---

READ
WHUT IT
SAYS, JEB!

WAL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!
TENNESSEE—I RECKON
WE DONE GOT
OURSELVES
A RANCH!

RIGHT, PARDNER!
FROM NOW ON—
**YOU'RE BART
SENDER!** LET'S GO FIND
THET. STEVE BRAND!

TELEGRAM

TO BART SENDER
REGRET TO INFORM YOU
THAT YOUR FATHER IS DEAD
STOP PLEASE COME HOME
AND TAKE OVER THE RANCH
STOP ASK FOR STEVE
BRAND

STEVE BRAND

A FEW HOURS LATER - IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK...

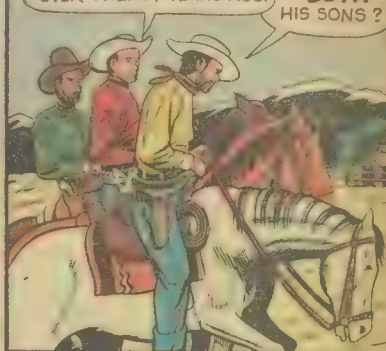
FELLER OUTSIDE TOLE ME I'D FIND YUH IN HERE, STEVE BRAND. I'M BART SENDER AN' I GOT THIS HYAR TELLY-GRAM FROM YUH... MEET MUH PARDNER, TENNE SSEE.

Glad to meet you, boys. Sorry about your father, Bart—he was a close friend of mine. Lets ride out to the ranch...



LATER... ...AND THAT'S HOW THE OLD MAN DIED, BART. AND HE NEVER DID GET OVER THE FACT THAT BOTH HIS SONS LEFT HIM OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO.

HUH? ER—**GULP**—ER—**BOTH HIS SONS?**



OF COURSE—YOU AND YOUR BROTHER JOE! I WROTE JOE, TOO, AND I RECKON HE OUGHT TO BE ALONG ONE OF THESE DAYS.

ER-AH—YES—O' COURSE, GOLLY, IT'LL SHORE BE SWELL TUH SEE JOE AGAIN—**HARUMPH!**



LATER. AT STEVE AND MULEY'S CABIN...

I TELL YOU, MULEY, I JUST CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING THAT BART SENDER'S A PHONY! I COULD SWEAR HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT HAVING A BROTHER JOE!

RELAX! WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH IF HE'S A FAKE. WAIT'LL JOE GITS HYAR AN' START'S TALKING ABOUT WHEN THEY WUZ KIDS. HE'LL KNOW HIS REAL BROTHER—EVEN IF THEY AIN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FER TWENTY YEARS!



SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR... COME IN!

HOWDY BOYS! GOT A TELEGRAPH MESSAGE FER YUH, STEVE. THOUGHT I'D DROP IT OFF ON MUH WAY HOME.

BLAZES! JOE SENDER IS DEAD!

DAW—GONE! NOW HOW WE GONNA FIND OUT EF THET OTHER HOMBRE'S A FAKE ER NOT?

THERE **HAS** TO BE A WAY, HMMMM I THINK I HAVE IT...

THAR'S SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THET "HMMM" I JEST DON'T **LIKE!**



TELEGRAM

TO STEVE BRAND
HAVE TRACED YOUR PARTY STOP JOE SENDER DIED TWO YEARS AGO IN SIOUX CITY HOSPITAL OF PNEUMONIA
CHIEF MARSHAL SIOUX CITY



MULEY—**YOU ARE GOING TO BE JOE SENDER!**

WHU—WHUT? WHO—ME?

YES—**YOU!**

I AIN'T GONNA DO IT—I JEST AIN'T GONNA DO IT! I AIN'T GONNA HEY, WHUT **AM** I SUPPOSED TUH DO, ANYWAY?

I'VE GOT NO TIME TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW. FIRST I'VE GOT TO PAY A VISIT TO THE SADDLE-MAKER'S—**AS THE DURANGO KID!**

A SHORT TIME LATER—AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S...

...AND I WANT A FANCY SILVER "S" ON THE BUCKLE. THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

FER YOU, DURANGO—SHORE I KIN DO IT! I'LL MAKE YUH A BELT JEST LIKE THAT THERE DESIGN AN' I'LL HAVE IT READY FER YUH TOMORROW MORNIN'!

NEXT DAY—
AT THE SENDER RANCH...

GOLLY, WHUT WE GOIN' TUH DO WHEN THET OTHER BROTHER SHOWS UP?

STOP WORRYIN', JEB. THEM BROTHERS AIN'T SEEN EACH OTHER FER TWENTY YEARS.

ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS KEEP QUIET. LET BROTHER JOE DO ALL THUH TALKIN'; SEE—AN' **YOU** AGREE WITH EVERYTHING HE SAYS!

YEAH—MEBBE THAT'LL WORK. WE'LL FIND A WAY TUH GIT RID O'HIM LATER.

HOWDY, GENTS! I'M JOE SENDER! WHICH ONE O' YUH IS MUH BROTHER BART?

THET'S ME, BROTHER JOE! YUH SHORE HAVE CHANGED A LOT! I'D NEVER KNOW YUH—HEH-HEH!

YUH SHORE CHANGED, TOO, BART! YEP, TWENTY YEARS IS A LONG TIME! A LONG, LONG, TIME!

AH, THUH GOOD OLE DAYS! REMEMBER WHEN POP TOOK US BOTH TUH KANSAS CITY AN' WE GOT LOST? REMEMBER?

HAW-HAW-HAW! I'LL NEVER FERGIT THET! WHY I REMEMBER HIT JEST AS SHORE AS IF IT HAPPENED YESTERDAY—HAW-HAW!

STEVE WUZ RIGHT! I JEST MADE UP THET KANSAS CITY BALONEY—THIS HOMBRE'S A **FAKE!** RECKON NOW'S THUH TIME TUH GO AHEAD WITH THUH REST O'THUH PLAN!

AN' REMEMBER WHEN POP GAVE US EACH **IDENTICAL BELTS**—JEST LIKE THIS ONE—AN' TOLD US ALWAYS TUH WEAR THEM! I NEVER TOOK MINE OFF, BART—WHAR'S YOURS?

=GULP!= WHY-ER-AH...



I'M NEVER WITHOUT MUH BELT, EITHER, JOE OLE BOY! JEST SO HAPPENS I GOT IT AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S RIGHT NOW—HAVIN' IT MADE BIGGER. A FELLER'S WAISTLINE GITS BIGGER, YUH KNOW—HEH-HEH-HEH!



DURANGO SHORE WUZ RIGHT—EVERYTHIN'S WORKIN' ACCORDIN' TUH PLAN. HYAR GOES THUH SIGNAL...



THERE S MULEY'S SIGNAL. I WAS RIGHT—THAT HOMBRE'S A PHONY!

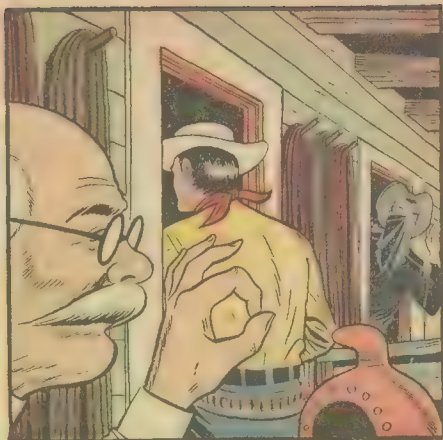


AND THERE HE GOES!...LET'S GO, RAIDER—DOESN'T TAKE MUCH EFFORT TO GUESS WHERE **HE'S** GOING!



A SHORT TIME LATER — AT THE SADDLE-MAKER'S IN TOWN...

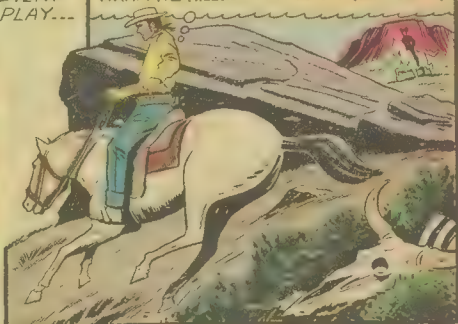
SORRY, MISTER — I JEST TARNATION!
CAIN'T DO IT! I'D LIKE TUH MAKE YUH A I JEST
BELT AN' BUCKLE LIKE THET, BUT THAR GOTTA GIT
JEST AINT NO SILVER! AIN'T NOBODY A BELT
GOT SILVER — THUH GOVERNMENTS CLAMPED DOWN ON THUH
STUFF!



THE SADDLE-MAKER SURE
PLAYED THE GAME, ALL RIGHT.
NOW — IF I UNDERSTAND HUMAN
NATURE, THIS HOMBRE WILL
LEAD ME RIGHT TO THE
**REAL BART — DEAD
OR ALIVE!**

**SO FAR,
DURANGO
SURE IS
CALLING
EVERY
PLAY...**

SHUCKS — I DON'T HAVE TUH BOTHER 'BOUT
GITTIN' THET BELT **MADE!** I KNOW WHAR
THUH REAL BELT MUST BE — ON BART
SENDER'S BODY! I JEST RIDE OUT TUH
WHAR WE KILLED HIM AN' GIT THET BELT!



BUT HERE'S ONE PLAY HE DIDN'T RECKON ON...

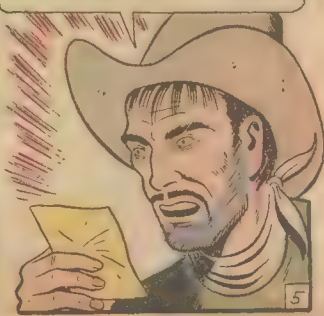


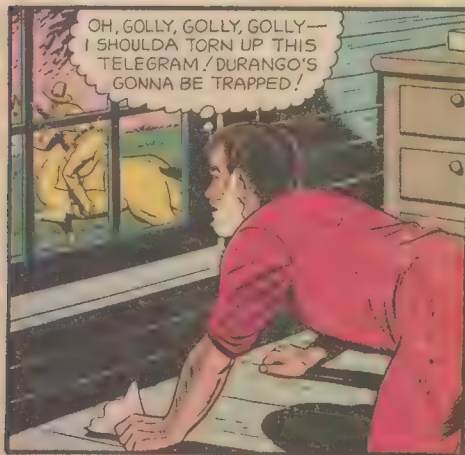
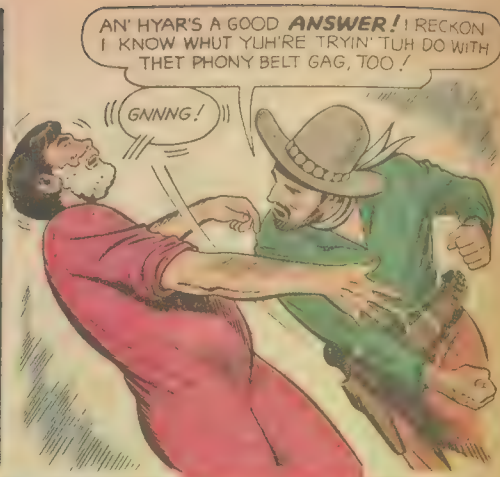
♪ DUM-TE-♪
DE-DUM-TE-
♪ DE-DUM... ♪
♪ ♪ ♪

SHAVIN'; RECKON I'LL GO THROUGH HIS
THINGS — MIGHT COME UP WITH SOMETHIN'
WE KIN USE IN THIS ACT WE'RE
PUTTIN' ON...

WHILE THIS
HOMBRE'S
GOING
THROUGH
HIS
THINGS
— MIGHT
COME UP
WITH
SOMETHIN'
WE KIN
USE IN
THIS ACT
WE'RE
PUTTIN'
ON...

HEY — WHUT'S THIS? A TELLY-GRAM
FROM THUH SIOUX CITY CHIEF MARSHAL
TUH DEPUTY MARSHAL STEVE BRAND!
HOLY COW — JOE SENDER'S **DAID!**
THIS HOMBRE AIN'T JOE SENDER —
HE'S WORKIN' WITH THUH MARSHAL!





JOE SENDER'S DAID, JEB— THIS DURANGO HOMBRE AN' THET RANNIHAN BACK AT THUH RANCH ARE WORKIN' WITH THUH MARSHAL / THEY ALMOST GOT THUH GOODS ON US / STAND BACK, PARDNER—WHILE I LET SOME AIR INTUH THIS HOMBRE ...



YOU MIGHT, TENNESSEE— IF YOU HAD **BULLETS** IN THAT GUN! HOWEVER MY PARTNER AT THE RANCH TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO **EMPTY YOUR GUN** EARLY THIS MORNING!



I COULDA SWORN I LOADED THIN THING THIS—!



DURANGO TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SPLIT SECOND IT TAKES TENNESSEE TO INSPECT HIS GUN!

AN OLD GAG, TENNESSEE— AND YOU FELL FOR IT! THIS GIVES ME JUST THE TIME I NEED. YOU SURE FELL FOR AN OLD ONE, HOMBRE—



AND BOTH OF YOU ARE GOING TO FALL FOR **THIS!**

YAHHHH!!



DURANGO! I GOT THUH SHERIFF AN' CAME AS FAST AS I COULD!

WE WUZ FEARED YUH'D FALL INTUH A TRAP, DURANGO!

I DID, SHERIFF— BUT I GOT OUT, AS YOU CAN SEE!



THET DURANGO— WOTTA GUY!



HEY KIDS!!

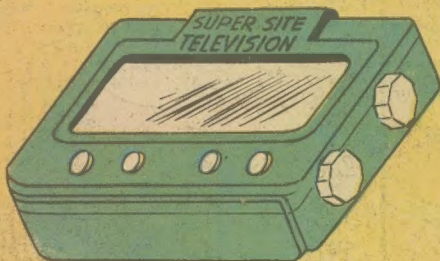
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3. Howdy Doody at the Beach
4. Howdy Doody Goes to Alaska
5. Howdy Doody Goes Hunting for Rabbits
6. Howdy Doody in the Side Show
7. Howdy Doody Goes to Mars
8. Howdy Doody Visits Indian Friends



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In all, the 8 rolls of 4 color film make up 104 different pictures of Howdy Doody and his friends! Don't wait! Mail the coupon immediately with only \$1. Your set will be sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s. For Canadian and foreign orders — send \$1.50 money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or return set for full refund.

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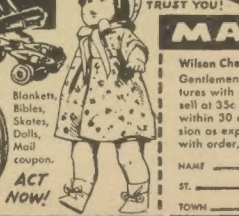
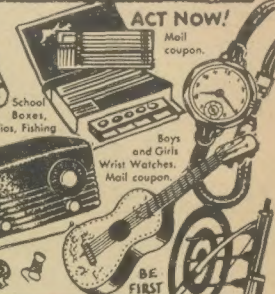
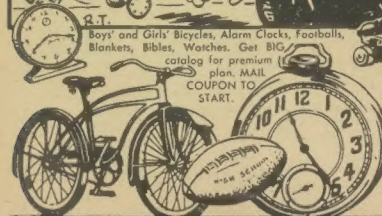
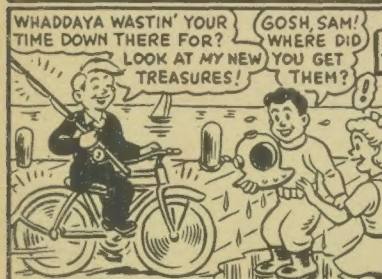
Canadian & Foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon.

HELLO, BOB- HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**



MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 102 ME Tyrene, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

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Now for the first time ever, you can get this amazing complete outfit. Bird house, bird bath, feeding station, all made of fine rust-proof sheet aluminum embossed and decorated so that the birds will love to use them, plus: • Free bird food • Easy to use bird caller • Bird picture book and • Unbreakable vinylite hi-fidelity record of 18 bird calls and songs — all for the amazing low price of \$1.69.

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YOU GET ALL THIS:

- Sheet aluminum bird house, in natural colors
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- Bird feeding station
- Bird food
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- Book of 30 bird pictures
- American flag
- Unbreakable vinyl phonograph record with 18 authentic bird calls

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

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